That thou Aumerle didst send two of thy men,
To execute the noble Duke of Callice.
Aum. Some honest Christian trust me with a gage,
That Norffolke lies, heere do I throwe downe this,
If he may be repeald to trie his honour.
Bull. these differences shal al rest vnder gage;
Til Norffolke be repeald, repeald he shalbe,
And though mine enemie, restord againe
To al his landes and signiories: when he is returnd,
Against Aumerle we will inforce his trial.
Carl. That honourable day shal neuer be seene,
Many a time hath banisht Norffolke fought,
For Iesu Christ in glorious Christian field,
Streaming the ensigne of the Christian Crosse,
Against blacke Pagans, Turkes and Saracens,
And toild with workes of war, retird himselfe
To Italie, and there at Venice gaue
His bodie to a pleasant Countries earth,
And his pure soule vnto his Captaine Christ,
Vnder whose coulours he had fought so long.
Bull. Why B. is Norffolke dead?
Carl. As sure as I liue my Lord.
Bull. Sweet peace conduct his sweet soule to the bosome
Of good olde Abraham: Lords Appellants,
Your differences shal al rest vnder gage,
Til we assigne you to your daies of trial. *Enter Yorke.*
Yorke Great Duke of Lancaster I come to thee,
From plume-pluckt Richard, who with willing soule,
Adopts thee heire, and his high scepter yeeldes,
To the possession of thy royal hand:
Ascend his throne, descending now from him,
And long liue Henry fourth of that name.
Bull. In Gods name Ile ascend the regall throne,
Car. Mary God forbid.
Worst in this royal presence I may speake.
Yet best beseeming me to speake the truth,
Would God any in this noble presence,
Were enough noble to be vpright iudge

Of noble Richard. Then true nobleness would
Learne him forbearance from so foule a wrong,
What subiect can giue sentence on his King?
And who sits not here that is not Richards subiect?
Theeues are not iudgd but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be seene in them.
And shall the figure of Gods Maiesty,
His Captaine, steward, deputy, elect,
Annointed, crowned, planted many yeares
Be iugd by subiect and inferiour breath,
And he himselfe not present? Oh forfend it God,
That in a Christian climate soules refinde,
Should shew so heinous blacke obscene a deed,
I speake to subiects, and a subiect speakes,
Stird vp by God thus boldly for his King,
My Lord of Hereford here whom you call King,
Is a foule traitour to proud Herefords King,
And if you crowne him, let me prophesie,
The bloud of English shall manure the ground,
And future ages groane for his foule act,
Peace shall go sleepe with turkes and infidels,
And in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars,
Shal kin with kin, and kinde with kinde confound:
Disorder, horror, feare, and mutiny,
Shal heere inhabit, and this land be cald,
The field of Golgotha and dead mens sculs.
Oh if you raise this house against this house,
It wil the wofullest diuision proue,
That euer fel vpon this cursed earth:
Preuent it, resist it, and let it not be so,
Lest child, childs children crie against you wo,
North. Wel haue you argued sir, and for your paines,
Of Capital treason, we arrest you here:
My Lord of Westminster, be it your charge,
To keepe him safely til his day of triall.
Bull. Let it be so, and loe on wednesday next,
We solemnly proclaime our Coronation,
Lords be ready all. *Exeunt Abbot.*